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A N
E P I S T L E
T O A
Young Nobleman
F R O M H I S
P R A E C E P T O R.

— — — — — *Sanctus haberi,
Justitiaque tenax dictis factisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem.* — — —

J U V . S A T . 8.



L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's Head* against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet,
and ROBERT DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in
the Pall mall, 1736. (Price 1 s.)



To the Right HONOURABLE

The Lord Vis^t. BEAUCHAMP.

WHAT is Nobility?" — Wou'd you
then know
The real Substance, stripp'd of all
its Show ?

Can You, MY L O R D, the honest Freedom bear
Of Truths I ought to tell, and you to hear ?
Or shall I say — " Such Beauty, Birth, Estate,
" Must make their Owner lov'd, and make him great !
" Above the mean Restraint of vulgar Rules,
" Your Will a Law, Plebeians but your Tools ;
" While mingling with your Blood each Honour flows,
" And in each Pulse a P E R C Y's Ardour glows.

Not

Not so the *Muse*: She teaches you to know,
How vain those Honours you to Others owe!
Who rise to *Glory*, must by *Virtue* rise,
'Tis in the Mind all genuine Greatness lies:
On that eternal Base, on that alone,
The World's Esteem you build, and more – your own.

Tho' PERCY, SEYMOUR, mighty Names! combine
To swell your Blood, to dignify your Line ;
For you tho' Fortune all her Stores has spread,
And Pleasure tempts you to her rosy Bed ;
Tho' Beauty, fairer than the fairest Face,
Breathes round your Form each animated Grace :
Yet what avail Birth, Beauty, Fortune's Store,
The Plume of Title, and the Pride of Power,
If deaf to Virtue's, deaf to Honour's Call,
To Tyrant Vice a wretched Slave you fall ?
To Vice paternal Laurels you must yield ;
Revers'd each Triumph, lost each purple Field,
Your Sires no more their captive Foes detain,
You pay the Ransom, and you break the Chain ;
No more your long-descended Fame we view,
No HARTFORD fought, no PERCY bled for You.

I know

I know, M Y L O R D, *Ambition* fills your Mind,
The Pilot she, and she the rising Wind :
Take, take her for your Guide ; her Gales receive,
But quell her Storms, nor let the Billows heave.
So shall you shun the giddy Heroe's Fate,
And by her just Commands be *truly Great.*

She bids you first, in Life's soft vernal Hours,
Of genial Nature wake the latent Powers ;
With rising Years still rising Arts display,
With new-born Graces mark each new-born Day :
'Tis now the Time young Passion to restrain,
Before the crooked Stem you bend in vain,
Before unpliant grows the rambling Spray,
And scorns the Hand of Reason to obey.
In Passion's Strife you can no Medium have,
But must be or the Master, or the Slave :
Then guide the Courser with a steddy Rein,
Ere yet he bounds o'er Pleasure's flowery Plain,
Ere yet with blind with headlong Speed he flys,
Nor feels the Bit, nor hears the Rider's Cries.

“ For

“ For whom these Toyts ? ” you may perhaps enquire
 First for your S E L F : *That* Nature will inspire. —
 She swells the filial Thought, the kindred Tear,
 She makes the P A R E N T and the S I S T E R dear :
 To these in closest Bands of Love ally’d,
 Their Joy or Grief you live, their Shame or Pride :
 You she commands to make their Blis your own ;
 Hence scorn to think or act for S E L F alone ;
 Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
 Their Honour, Grandeur, Dignity and Praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow Bound
 Of Family, *Ambition* looks around ;
 Looks round, and seeks the FRIE N D ’ s delightful Face,
 The Friend at least demands the second Place.

And yet beware : for Most desire a Friend
 For fordin Lucre, not for Virtue’s End.
 There are, who with fond Favour’s fickle Gale,
 Now sudden swell, and now contract their Sail ;
 This Week devour, the next with sickening Eye
 Avoid, and cast the fully’d Play-thing by ;

There

There are, who, tossing in the Bed of Vice,
 For Flattery's Opiate give the highest Price ;
 Yet from the saving Hand of Friendship turn,
 Her Medicines dread, her generous Offers spurn.
 Deserted Greatness ! who but pities Thee ?
 By Crowds encompas'd, thou no Friend canst see :
 Or should kind Truth invade thy tender Ear,
 We pity still ; for thou no Truth can'st bear.
 Ne'er grudg'd thy Wealth to swell an useless State,
 Yet frugal deem'd th' Expence of Friends too great ;
 For Friends ne'er mixing in ambitious Strife,
 For Friends, the richest Furniture of Life !
 Oh ! fallen from *Pride*, magnificent no more,
 Know, Friends are cheap, while worthy Men are poor ! .
 Riches in Heaps a nauseous Dunghill stand,
 Diffus'd by Bounty cheer the smiling Land ;
 Joy, Love, and Friendship, blooming thence arise,
 And waft the sweetest Incense to the Skies.
 Be Your's, MY L O R D, to court a better Aim,
 Your Pride to burn with Friendship's purer Flame ;
 By Virtue kindl'd, by like Manners fed,
 By mutual Wishes mutual Favours spread,

C

Inreas'd

Increas'd with Years, by candid Truth refin'd,
 Pour all its boundleſs Ardours thro' your Mind.
 Be yours the Care a chosen Band to gain ;
 With Them to Glory's radiant Summit strain,
 Aiding and aided each, while All contend,
 Who best, who bravest, shall aſtift his Friend.

Thus ſtill ſhould *private* Friendſhips ſpread around,
 Till in their joint Embrace the P UBLICK's found,
 The common Friend ! — Then all her Good explore,
 Explor'd, pursue with each unbiaſſ'd Power.
 But chief the Greatest ſhould her Laws revere,
 Ennobling Honours, which ſhe bids them wear.
 A BRITISH NOBLE is a dubious Name,
 Of lowest Infamy, or highest Fame :
 Born to redrefſ an injur'd Orphan's Cause,
 To ſmooth th' unequal Frown of rigid Laws ;
 To ſtand an *Isthmus* of our well-mix'd State,
 Where rival Pow'rs with reſtleſs Billows beat,
 And from each ſide alike the Fury fling
 Of madd'ning Commons, or encroaching King.

How

How mean, who can this sacred Station leave,
 By Birth a Patriot, but by Choice a Slave!
 How great, who answers this illustrious End,
 Whom Prince and People call their equal Friend!

“ Yes, there I'll rest ; *Ambition* toils no more,
 “ That Goal attain'd, sure her long Race is o'er?”
 Alas! 'tis scarce begun : *Ambition* smiles
 At the poor Limits of the *British* Isles,
 That would in vain her boundless Flight oppose,
 And with their circling Waves her Views inclose :
 She o'er the Globe expatiates unconfin'd,
 Expands with CHRISTIAN CHARITY the Mind, }
 And pants to be the Friend of all Mankind.
 Her Country all beneath one ambient Sky,
 Whoe'er beholds yon radiant Orbs on high,
 To whom one Sun impartial gives the Day,
 To whom the silver Moon her milder Ray,
 Whom the same Water, Earth and Air sustain,
 O'er whom one PARENT-KING extends his Reign,
 Are her Compatriots all, by her belov'd,
 In Nature near, tho' far by Space remov'd ;

On common Earth no Foreigner she knows,
 No Foe can find, except fair Virtue's Foes:
 No Motive needs her chearful Aid to lend,
 To Want and Woe an undemanded Friend.
 Nor thus advances Others Bliss alone ;
 But in the Way to theirs still finds her own. —
 Theirs is her own. What? should your Taper light
 Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright? -
 " Men are ungrateful." — Be they so, that dare!
 Is that the Giver's, or Receiver's Care?
 Oh! blind to Joys that from true Bounty flow,
 To think, Those e'er repent whose *Hearts* bestow !

Man to his M A K E R thus best Homage pays,
 Thus peaceful walks thro' Virtue's pleasing Ways:
 Her gentle Image on the Soul imprest,
 Bids each tempestuous Passion leave the Breast :
 Thence with her livid self-devouring Snakes
 Pale *Env*y flies ; her *Quiver Slander* breaks :
 Thus falls (dire Scourge of a distracted Age !)
 The knave-led one-ey'd Monster, *Party-Rage*.

Ambition jostles with her Friends no more ;
 Nor thirsts *Revenge* to drink a Brother's Gore ;
Fury-Remorse no stinging Scorpions rears ;
 O'er trembling Guilt no falling fword appears.
 Hence *Conscience*, void of Blame, her Front erects,
 Her God adores, all other Fear rejects.
 Hence JUST AMBITION boundless Splendours crown,
 And hence she calls Eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd SCIPIO pafs'd his glorious Days,
 Bleft with his KINDRED's, FRIEND's, and COUNTRY's
 Nor ended there the human Hero's Thought, [Praise.
 Nor in the *Roman* was the *Man* forgot ;
 In the deaf Battle hearing Nature's Call,
 He doom'd with Tears a rival Empire's Fall,
 The WORLD's great Patriot He ! — By Fame inspir'd
 His Youth each Art adorn'd, each Virtue fir'd ;
 He thro' *Rome*'s Sons the brave Contagion spread,
 Now led to Conquest, now to Wisdom led ;
 Pleas'd, or to still the Forum's civil Roar,
 Or muse, *Cajeta*, on thy bending Shore ;

Free from Affairs, unfetter'd with Parade,
 To taste a Friend amid the rural Shade :
 There deigns to mingle in immortal Lays,
 There deep thro' Time his Country's Fate surveys,
 While from his Tongue sublimest Precepts flow —
 “ How Man but sojourns on this Spot below,
 “ How mortal Fame is to a Point confin'd,
 “ Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal Mind,
 “ For Heaven that Virtue can alone prepare,
 “ And Vice would find herself unhappy *there.*”
 Hence loos'd from Earth his pure Affections foar,
 Where sensual Pleasure cheats the Soul no more.
 Beneath his Feet do Nation's Treasures lye ?
 Millions he views with unretorted Eye.
 His Country's Manners does Corruption drown ?
 He, blameless Censor ! stems them by his own.
 Did Kingdoms groan ? He bade Oppression cease,
 Stern Tyrants aw'd, and gave the World a Peace.
 Did *Justice* call ? He car'd not what became
 Of Life, or of Life's sweetest Breath, his Fame :
 For Her he dar'd the Noble's, People's Hate,
 For Her he liv'd, for Her resign'd to Fate.

These

These were his Honours, his high Triumphs these !
 Oh ! how unlike the Slaves of Wealth and Ease :
 With Plenty curs'd, to make all Life a Void,
 Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
 They seek some livery'd Friend to drag away
 The heavy, cumbrous, miserable Day.
 Inglorious State ! — worse than the Beggar's Doom,
 To ask their daily Being of a Groom !

Others there are, that with unfeeling Ear
 A *Scipio*'s, *Sydney*'s, *Falkland*'s Glory hear ;
 Unmov'd could *Somers*' various Virtues see,
Pope's scorn of Vice, and filial Piety ;
 Are Proof to every Lure of *honest* Fame,
 Yet still of Sycophants would buy a Name ;
 Still for their scornful Mistress, Glory's sake,
 Can every Pain, — but to deserve her, take.
 Hence Birds of Throat obscene and greedy Maw,
 The chatt'ring Magpye, the tale-bearing Daw,
 Rooks, Vultures, Harpies, their vile Board surround,
 While frightened Merit flies th' unhallow'd Ground,

Flies

Flies to the private Shade, the pure Retreat,
 And to their Scoundrels leaves the Proud and Great.
 What, tho' their Hands ne'er hold *Britannia's Reins*,
 Nor Swords e'er seek her Foes on crimson Plains ?
 Yet *Blount* shall own they drive six Horses well,
 And *Hockley's* Heroes of their Bravery tell.
 Their Name with *Mordaunt's Pope* disdains to sing,
 Yet with their Triumphs does *Newmarket* ring,
 Yet in her Annals is Life's glorious Course
 Immortaliz'd — by some immortal Horse.
 What tho', ye fair ! they break thro' Honour's Laws ?
 Yet thence they gain a modish World's Applause :
 Receiv'd, repuls'd, their Boast is still the same,
 And still they triumph o'er each injur'd Name.
 Their Vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping State,
 But rescu'd Operas from impending Fate.
 Their Bounty never bids Affliction smile,
 But pampers Fidlers with the Tradesman's Spoil ;
 And in one luscious Sauce is often drown'd,
 What might have chear'd their beggar'd Tenants
 No *Goth* to Learning e'er was Foe so fell, [round.
 Yet oft their Praises Dedications swell ;

Yet

Yet *White's* allows them, in a Length of Years,
The first of Sharpers, tho' the laſt of Peers.

In vain for ſuch may Domes on Domes arife,
With Heads audacious, and invade the Skies ;
In vain dishonour'd Stars dart mimick Rays,
And give their ſordid Breasts a borrow'd Blaze ;
In vain with lordly Rule their wide Domains,
Swell hundred Hills, and ſpread an hundred Plains :
If mean, they're meaner by their lofty State,
(So Statues leſſen by a Base too great)
With Birth ignoble, ſtarving in their Store,
Obſcur'd by Splendour, impotent with Pow'r,
By Titles stain'd, with Beauty unadorn'd,
Befieg'd by Flatt'ry, but by Merit ſcorn'd,
The Slaves of Slaves, Corruption's dirty Tools,
The Prey of Villains, and the Gaze of Fools.

Rife then, M Y L O R D, with nobler Ardour rife !
And whilſt your Sires before your ravish'd Eyes,
Pafs in a grand Review, Oh ! pant for Fame,
And by your Actions ſtill adorn their Name,

Transmitting thence with added Lustre down
Honours, that may your future Offspring crown!

That Sight the Muse with pleasing Hope surveys,
While to the blissful Hour her Fancy strays,
When in the H A R T F O R D of another Age,
The same fair Virtues shall your Soul engage ;
The same soft Meekness and majestick Mien,
Shall grace the publick, chear the private Scene :
From whom a new E L I Z A shall arise,
Wit, Spirit, Sense, and Goodness in her Eyes,
O'er willing Hearts to spread her lasting Sway,
For ever innocent, for ever gay.
When to another B E A U C H A M P you shall owe
Those Joys; that with your dawning Virtues grow,
In Him again be born, again shall live,
And take that Happiness, which now you give.
Heaven has on You pour'd wide her kindest Show'r ;
Health, Riches, Honours blest your natal Hour,
At once an Elegance of Form and Mind,
To please, to serve, and to adorn your Kind,
Of gentle Manners, but of Genius strong,
When gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These

These bounteous Heav'n bestows: 'Tis Your's to
 Her Gifts, and from their Use to draw your Praise : [raise
 Her's the Materials, Your's the Work must be;
 Your Choice, My L O R D, is *Fame* or *Infamy*.

Oh! should your Virtues in pure Current flow,
 And Wealth and Pleasure all around bestow,
 Till Earth no more their length'ning Stream can bound,
 Nor sinks their Fame in Time's vast Ocean drown'd,
 Say, might the Muse to future Age declare,
 They were her early Honour and her Care?
 That by her Hand their bub'ling Fount was clear'd,
 That following where the mazy Rill appear'd,
 She form'd their Channel, and their Course she steer'd? }
 Might then this fond ambitious Verse pretend
 She taught the Pupil, yet preserv'd the Friend ;
 First twin'd the Wreaths, that shall your Temples
 Still happier in your Glory than her own? [crown,

and the first part of the present year
we have been engaged in the
construction of a new building
at the corner of Franklin and

Market Streets, Philadelphia, which
will be completed in about two months.
The building will be a large
one, containing a great number of rooms,
and will be used for the purpose of
conducting a school of high
grade, and will be conducted by
a number of very able and
competent teachers. The school
will be open to all children
between the ages of six and
twelve years, and will be conducted
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